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HYMN,

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER, ESQ.

Written for the celebration of the 4th July, 1834, by the
Friends of Human Liberty, at Chatham Street Chapel.

Oh, Thou, whose presence went before
Our fathers in their weary way,
As with Thy chosen moved of yore
The fire by night—the cloud by day!

When from each temple of the free
A nation's song ascends to Heaven,
Most Holy Father!—unto Thee
May not our humble prayer be given?

Thy children all—though hue and form
Are varied in Thine own good will—
With Thy own holy breathings warm,
And fashioned in Thine image still.

We thank Thee, Father!—hill and plain
Around us wave their fruits once more,
And clustered vine, and blossomed grain
Are bending round each cottage door.

And peace is here—and hope and love
Are round us as a mantle thrown,
And unto Thee, supreme above,
The knee of prayer is bowed alone.

But, Oh, for those, this day can bring
As unto us—no joyful thrill,
For those, who, under FREEDOM's wing,
Are bound in SLAVERY's fetters still!

For those to whom Thy living Word
Of light and love is never given,
For those whose ears have never heard
The promise and the hope of heaven!

For broken heart—and clouded mind,
Whereon no human mercies fall,
Oh, be thy gracious love inclined,
Who, as a Father, pitiest all!

And grant, Oh, Father! that the time
Of Earth's deliverance may be near,
When every land and tongue and clime
The message of Thy love shall hear—

When, smitten as with fire from Heaven,
The captive's chain shall sink in dust,
And to his *fettered soul be given*

THE GLORIOUS FREEDOM OF THE JUST!

Thomas George, Jr. Printer, 162 Nassau-street.